

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," &c., AND BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.
AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH." "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," &c.

No. 108.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1834.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE PROTESTED BILL.

THE inhabitants of the secluded vale of Allander Water were very much astonished one day by seeing a messenger-at-arms enter their lonely district. "Hech, sirs," said each old wife as she peeped from her door, "there's Geordie Wight gaun up the water—I se warrant it's no for naething." Geordie, it will thus be observed, was known by sight; but his visits were so unfrequent, that, when he did come, he produced all the effect of a hawk descending upon a brood of chickens. Geordie, in the course of his walk, which was somewhat a long one, entered several houses, to take a smoke, or solace himself with bread and cheese; and many were the sly attempts to elicit from him the object of his journey. "Ye've haen a lang walk, Geordie—a' the way frae Claughton—it canna be less than twal mile o' gait—take a guid whang o' the cheese—ye'll be gaun a guid way far'er?" Such would be the address of one dalesman. Another would run in this fashion: "Eh, man, Geordie, there's gaun to be a grand ploy the nicht up at Langshaw: hae they inveited you amang the rest?" Not a hint, however, could be drawn forth from the inflexible officer of the law respecting his reasons for visiting Allander Water. Only, each man whose house he passed on his way, felt satisfied—and the satisfaction was no trifling one—that it was not *he*, at least, whom Geordie was after—it must be somebody farther up the water.

Geordie at length drew near to the only village in the district—a straggling hamlet occupied by a few individuals engaged in rural business, mingled with two or three artizans and shopkeepers. Aberallander—for such was its name—seemed to a stranger the very haven of peace and content. At the present moment, the sun was shining gaily upon its snug lines of thatched houses and kail-yards; and, except a butcher sitting on the sole of the window of his open booth, so that his legs projected into the highway, there was not a living soul to be seen about its principal thoroughfare. All betokened rural happiness and repose. If you had passed the half-open window of the school, a hum would have been felt rushing out upon you with no small impetuosity; but in every other part of the town, the stillness was so very great, that you could have heard the murmur of a bee, as it wheeled along in mid-air towards its skep in one of the neighbouring gardens. A fishing-rod or two were seen resting against the thatch of the cottages, suggesting associations of rustic sport. Within one or two windows, the lazy cat sat pressing its tawny side upon the sunny pane, and apparently absorbed in its own luxurious reflections. On a little green by the water side, a lass was laving out the pure lymph with a bicker upon her clear white "washing," which lay bleaching close by its brink; ever and anon liting up some old native melody, expressive of her own perfect blythensness of heart and unconsciousness of evil. If a poet had wandered into the village, he would have said to himself, "Here—here certainly abides the spirit of that rural delight, of which my predecessors have so often sung, but which, by the vile world, is supposed to be a mere dream. Here wants are few, and soon satisfied—wrongs unknown, or soon redressed. Here care can never intrude. The envy, malice, and uncharitableness, which beset more bustling scenes, must be here a matter of mere supposition. 'Oh that for me some home like this would smile!' Contented would I be to forget the world, and be by it forgot." It never would have occurred to this fond enthusiast that there could be such a thing as a protested bill about Aberallander, or that such a man as Geordie Wight ever set his unhallowed snout within its precincts.

Geordie was nevertheless wending his way with all convenient speed towards this peaceful scene. It was early in the afternoon when he approached; and a group of villagers—a feature in the scene not yet adverted to—were whiling away the latter part of the dinner-hour, in vacant and idle gossip, on the bridge. "Whae's you?" said somebody, on the figure being first discerned. "It's the new forester," said one. "No," said another; "it's not his jacket." "Weel, it's Will Gray o' the Tinlans," said another. "Where's his beast, then?" quoth a third, incredulously. "I declare," said several at once, "it's Geordie Wight, the messenger! What can hae brought him up the country the day?" Hereupon Jamie Nicol, the grocer of the village, lounged off, saying something about a lassie he thought he had seen entering his shop. [The worthy grocer was about two hundred yards from his place of business, when he stood on the bridge, but nevertheless was quite ready to attend to any customer that might come in.] "I think it's getting near twa," said another of the group, a kind of small farmer; "I maun be seeing the callants set to their wark." And off he went. Those who remained began to speculate upon the object of the messenger's journey. All the men farther up the water, as well as such of the villagers as were not present, were one by one drawn over the coals—their credit canvassed—and all their late transactions and ventures in business taken into serious consideration. "Tam o' the Lochs is no just that sound, it's thought," said one; "he had an Edinburgh writer out seeing him the other day—that was nae gude sign." "I'm rather thinking," said another, "it'll be thae extravagant folk i' the Hope: there's ower muckle playing on the spinnet up there, and ower muckle dinnering and drinking." When the traveller came up, one or two who knew him, and who felt quite safe from his talons, opened upon him at once—"Whereaway, Geordie?—whereaway, the day? What's wrang? Only body up the water? Whereaway, man? Tak a snuff. What news wi' ye?"—and a whole torrent of other inquiries and propositions, among which, something about "Mrs Horsburgh's" was distinctly heard. Geordie, however, seemed determined to resist all tailegments. To the questions put to him he returned only general observations. The weather seemed the only subject upon which he was free to give his mind: he poured forth a most fervent malediction upon the last new moon, as if he had been inclined to revenge upon her the delicacy on which he stood in other matters. And through the village he went, neither looking to the right, where flamed the Red Lion, nor to the left, where the Hen and Chickens held forth their more modest allurements. A few convoyed him a quarter of a mile or so upon his way; but all endeavours to learn his purpose proved vain.

The town—to use the language of its inhabitants—was by this event put into a perfect bizz. "Geordie Wight's up the water!"—*Malbrook has gone to the wars*, was nothing to it. What exciting results might not be expected from such a circumstance!

About an hour and a half after, Geordie was observed returning to the village by a byway, accompanied by another man. There was an evident wish on the part of the pair to escape observation, for they entered the Red Lion by an access through the stable-yard in the rear. It was soon known, however, that the individual who accompanied the messenger was one John Livingston, an honest industrious man who lived about two miles off, and made his bread by a number of miscellaneous rural pursuits, such as contracting for pieces of road, buying and selling lots

of cattle or of growing crops when they fell in his way, and so forth. John was understood to have been, for some time, far from prosperous. He had lost considerably by a purchase at Falkirk two years before, and a line of road which he had undertaken upon estimate proved a very unfortunate concern. The wreck of his little capital was all locked up in one enterprise or another; and he was now apprehended by Geordie Wight for so small a matter as a bill of fifteen pounds. If the bizz of the village was formerly great, it was now greater. "Puir John," every one said; "oh that weary Sklinthill road—it's that has done't. What's to come, sirs, o' his wife and his weans? It disna do when the breadwinner's clappit up within four wa's." By and bye, Mrs Horsburgh's lass stepped down to Jamie Nicol's, to ask if he could "come up and speak to aue" in her mistress's house. Jamie was an honest fellow—not very well to do in the world himself—had once failed in the tea line in Kelso—and knew a good deal (to his cost) about bills and protests, and captions and lornings. The sorrows of his own lot made him take a sympathetic interest in all unfortunate persons; and he had, besides, been under particular obligations to Livingston. He therefore lost no time in walking to Mrs Horsburgh's, where he was shown into a small back parlour, containing only Geordie and his prisoner. "Dear sake, Johnnie, man," said the kind-hearted grocer, "what kind of a scrape's this ye've got into? What is't ye've to say against him, Geordie?" "Ou, 'deed, Mr Nicol," said the latter—for Livingston was little inclined to speak—"it's just a bit bill frae Leith—sent out to Scott and Inglis, ye ken—the six days expired last Thursday—and I've come up the water the day to see and get it settled. I'm sure I hae nae wish to tak Mr Livingston ony farther; but if the siller canna be got, what can I do but obey my orders?"

"Come, come," said Nicol, in as cheerful a tone as he could assume, "things'll no turn out sae ill, perhaps, but what we may get ye satisfied without gaun to Jethart. What's the amount?"

"Oh, here's the bill itsel: ye see it's just fifteen pounds three shillings, besides the expenses."

"Fifteen pounds three shillings! What kind o' folk are they, man, that wad harle an honest man away frae his house and family for fifteen pounds three shillings? I've seen bills lying over for ten times that amount, and never a word o' diligence about the matter."

"And that," said Livingston, "as I shall answer, is amais the only debt I hae i' the world. If they would have only gi'en me a little mair time, I would have soon been able to satisfy them. Oh, Jamie, man, what's to be done?"

"Done!" cried Nicol; "we'll harry a' the cash-boxes i' the town before ye gang farther. Hae ye nae thing yoursel?"

"Oh, the wife says she has something—but it's no muckle, I'm thinking—and she's to be down here when it gets dark. She's thinking o' trying her uncle up in Ormiston, that has never less lying siller, they say, than twa thousand pounds; but I fear she'll no come muckle speed there."

"Weel, weel, man; keep up your heart. We'll be sair put till't or we let a neebour away frae amang us this gate—for whae kens whose turn it may be next? And if we canna raise the wind to the extent o' fifteen pounds, why, we maun just confess we're a puir set, and wish ye a guid room in the castle."

Down came Nicol in the first place to his own shop.

* Meaning Jedburgh Castle, the jail of the county of Roxburgh.

to see what was to be had there. "I dare say, thought he to himself as he went, "Jenny canna hae abune three pound i' the kist. It's no abune three weeks since Ralph Richardson was here cleaning us out wi' his tobacco account; and there canna be muckle mair gathered in sae short a time, what wi' ae thing and anither. Then, as for Meldrum owar bye, I daur say he canna be muckle better than mysell; his tea-merchant was giv'ing him a ca' only last week, and butter-day's next Friday. It's a pity that this push should hae come sae sune after thae fallows were here. Od, I wonder if Lucky Fairgrieve has any thing. I saw a chiel frae Edinburgh in about her the other day; but I believe they say he was just a gentleman travelling for pleasure. What a relief it is to see an Edinburgh gentleman herewar, that only comes for pleasure! There's nane o' us but what wad be glad to keep him a week, just because he disna come, like the rest, for siller."

It turned out just as Nicol supposed. His wife had only about three pounds laid aside, and five or six shillings in the till. "Weel, Jenny, I maun just hae't—for ye ken we can never let a gude neebour like John Livingston gang to the jail when we can do any thing to keep him frae't."

"Gang to jail here, gang to jail there," said Mrs Nicol; "ye're no minding that Gillon and Rule hae writt'n that their traveller is to be here on Tuesday next at farthest; and I assure ye it'll tak a' we can scrape thegither to make a decent face wi' him."

"Ou, we'll put him bye wi' what we hae, and fair words for the rest," said the benevolent grocer.

"Ay, that would be all very well, if ye would show face yoursell. But ye leave a' thae disagreeable pieces o' business to me. Ye'll be gaun to the fishing on Tuesday next, nae doubt?"

"No, no, Jenny, my woman," said the husband, in a soothing tone; "just gie me the siller, and I fairly promise, that, if there's ony short-coming, I'll face it out, though it was never sae bad. I'll let ye gang up that day in Grierson's cart, and see your aunty Mall, if ye like. I'm sure that's fair."

By dint of these, and other fair words, the prudent wife was induced to part with her little hoard, though not without some serious misgivings about the probable consequences. "I'll no face him at least," she said, by way of self-consolation; "he'll just be like a roaring lion about that keg o' gin. And yet, it would be a pity to see Johnnie Livingston hauled away frae his wife and bairns, pur child, if we can help him."

Nicol now proceeded to his neighbour and rival Meldrum. "Andrew, ye'll hae heard the news? Pur Johnnie! Whae would hae thought it? I say, hae ye ony thing about ye? We maun never see a guid fallow, that was aye ready to help us, gaun to ruination for want o' a wee help in return. See, man, what ye hae." Meldrum entered at once into his views, and, being a bachelor, had only to turn the key of his desk in the back-room, in order to contribute about five pounds towards the general fund. Thus reinforced, Nicol made an infall upon Mrs Fairgrieve, who kept a small huckstry-shop at the extremity of the town. "Weel, Tibby, how's a' wi' ye the night? How's the pains? Unco could weather for ye, I doubt." "Ou, 'deed, James, me and the pains is just about where we were. I'll never be better o' them till I'm i' the kirkyard, I reckon." "Hout, nae fear; aye keep up a good speerit. I'm come to ye for siller, as usual. Ye aye say ye never see me but when I'm wanting something. But it's no for mysel' I'm wanting it the day. Ye'll hae heard o' John Livingston, pur child—brought down to Mrs Horsburgh's by Geordie Wight for a protested bill o' only fifteen pounds. A man wi' a sma' family, and a guid honest man, too; we can never let him be shankit off to Jethart for sic a sma' matter as that. See, woman, what ye hae about ye."

Tibby made some demur about her "expecting a visit frae Mr Jamieson, her barley-merchant, some of these days," but nevertheless proceeded to her chest, and, drawing thence an old stocking-fit, as she called it, quickly laid the sum of one pound five shillings upon her little counter, which she said was all she had in the world. "Ay, but, Tibby, see if there's ony thing i' the canp." This was a small wooden bowl, which stood upon a shelf, containing what might be called her current receipts. "Oh, 'deed, there canna be muckle there," said Tibby, but nevertheless took down the vessel in question, and from its contents

added two or three shillings to the sum already tendered.

Nicol now proceeded to several other little traders in turn, and, from that sympathy which persons in humble circumstances are so apt to feel respecting each other, he was successful in almost every case, though the whole sum was ultimately found to fall short of the amount of the bill. He returned to the inn with about ten pounds, which he tabled with the declaration that he did not believe there was another pound in the whole village. Livingston was transported with the sight, for he was confident that his wife would obtain the remainder from her wealthy uncle. Some of the other neighbours had now dropped in upon him to keep up his spirits; and so entirely did public feeling seem to run in his favour, that he had become comparatively reconciled to his situation.

It being now dark, Mrs Livingston arrived, as was expected, at the inn, carrying in her arms a very young infant, which she could not conveniently leave behind her. "Oh, Johnnie, man," was her first exclamation, and for a few moments she could add no more. She was soon cheered, however, by the exhibition of the ten pounds which honest Nicol had collected; and it was with a lighter heart that she now proceeded to the house of her kinsman for the purpose of borrowing the balance. As the residence of that individual was about a mile distant, Nicol kindly proposed to be her convoy—an offer which she thankfully accepted. As they went on their way, she told him that she was not without some misgivings as to the success of her mission. Her uncle Brysson was no doubt affluent; he had retired from his farm with a small fortune; but he was so very careful of his money, that he grudged some of the commonest necessities of life. She only hoped that the extremity of her necessity would work upon his nature, and induce him to draw his purse. On arriving at the house, which was of very humble appearance, they knocked at the door, and speedily were admitted by a gaunt old man, with a lighted match in his hand, and whose sharp, pale, squalid features, bespoke any thing but beneficent habits. On recognising his relative, he stepped back, and asked her to come in, but evidently would have liked better if she had been unattended by Nicol. The visitors were shortly introduced to a dismal kitchen, in which, when its master had called up the aid of a light, by breaking a chip off the piece of hard or parrot coal which lay in front of the fire in the grate, and which he burnt to save the expense of a lamp or candle, they were coldly bid to seat themselves. All greetings past, and the parties seated, Mrs Livingston made one or two efforts to command her voice for the petition she was charged with; but her voice absolutely failed her. Seeing her distress, Nicol kindly broke in with a narration of the object they had in view expressed in his usual *olly-volly* way.

"Troth, Mr Brysson, we've just come up to see if ye can lend us a helping hand for John, pur fallow. He's an honest man, ye ken; but he has been no that fortunate lately; and now there's a bill for fifteen pounds, that Geordie Wight has come up the water about the day, and John's like to be overset wi' a' thegither. He just wants five pounds for a week or sae, to help him through the diffeekwalty; and Nelly here has made bold to ask you for that much, kenning weel that ye've aye been friendly to her and hers, and wad never see her gudeman harled out o' his ain house for sic a trifle."

"Ou, what's brought him to want five pounds?" said the old man, peevishly. "Can folk no take care o' siller when they hae't? and then they would never be without it when it was required. Five pounds truly! Whan do I ever ask five pounds frae ony body? If ilka aye took care o' his ain five pounds, he would never want ony other body's."

"Ou, ay," said Nicol; "it would be as weel, nae doubt, if ilka aye could aye help himsel'. But ye ken, that's never been the way o' the world yet, and winna be sae noo. John's an honest weel-meaning man—he's just been unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!" exclaimed Brysson, with a bitter sneer; "I see naething unfortunate about him for my part. He wears a better coat at the kirk on Sabbath than I do; and a' his bairns had new leather caps just the other day. I dinna ken what ye ca' unfortunate."

"Oh, Saunders," now broke in the afflicted wife, "dinna gang to reflect upon thae matters. I'm sure we live as economically as possible; and though John likes a guid coat for the Sunday, and is pleased to see his little ayes snod and neat, pur things, ye ken we're a' younger folk than you, and it's naething but natural."

"Oh, I dinna presume," said her uncle, "to judge about what this aye or that aye should wear. Every aye to his ain taste. It's nae matter o' mine."

"Weel, uncle, I hope ye'll no take ill what I said. Ye ken we've aye been friendly, and John, I'm sure, never thinks o' ony new job but what he takes your advice i' the first place. He says there's no a langer-

headit man in the country-side. Ye ken how ye wysed him bye having any thing to do wi' Cringletie Brig, that Rob Purdie ruined himsel' wi'."

"Oh, weel, Helen, I certainly do think your man an honest decent chield in his way; and I'm aye glad to gie him ony counsel that I think will do him guid. But, ye ken, he's been quite camstary about that drove o' nowte. I tauld him whenever he brought them hame that he would never gie his ain siller for them at the end o' the season, let-a-bee paying the rent o' the park to keep them."

"Yes, uncle," responded the wife; "but a' human schemes are liable to gang aje, and if folk do a' for the best, naething mair can be expectit. That drove didna turn out weel, or we would never hae had occasion to trouble ye. And though John is nae bluid relation to ye, I hope that, for my sake and the bairns, ye wad never see him driven to even-down ruin, and us along wi' him, for this sma' matter."

"Sma' matter!" ejaculated the old man; "I dinna ken what ye ca' a sma' matter. It may be sae to you and your man, but it's no sae to me. And as for helping ye in a strait, if ye were a widow"—this he said in a pointed and bitter tone—"if ye were a widow, perhaps I micht think it a duty to see what I could do."

The woman started under this expression as she would have done under a stab, and, rising slowly, addressed her cold-hearted kinsman in the following words: "If I were a widow! Then may the Almighty never let me see the day when I am to get kindness frae you. They say ye're sae rich that ye could buy a' the land ye see frae your door-stane; but rather wad I gang this night wi' my gudeman to Jethart jail—rather sit with him on a pickle strae, wi' no a bite to put in our mouths, and our bairns a' crying about us—than hae a' your siller this minute in my lufe, and him away frae me. Ay, ten times rather, and ten times to that again." She then left the house, followed by Nicol, who was so indignant at the sordid spirit of the old man, that he could hardly speak. "The niggardly Judas!" he at length burst out, "to think o' us pur bodies scraping up every bawbee we hae for our neebour, and him that has gowd in gowpens refusing sic a trifle to a near relation! Od, I wad rather be a pur man yet, and hae some naturality, than gather a' the riches on the earth, and use them as he does. Lord help the pur, when they've to look to rich friends for help! If they canna do something for ilk other among themselves, I dreid they hae little to look to in this world!"

It was with a sorrowful heart that the pair rejoined the little party in the inn, and narrated their want of success. "Weel, weel," said Wight, "I suppose, Johnnie, we maun get the cart and set out, for it's getting late, and enouch o' time has been put off already. Is Mrs Livingston gaun down wi' us?" "That I will," said the wife, heroically; "we've lived seventeen years pleasantly thegither, and it's no this that'll part us. But oh, Jamie, man, d'ye no think the two-three notes could be got ony other way?"

Nicol, who was standing in an agony of perplexity and vexation at the termination which seemed likely to befall his day's exertions, now entreated the officer to grant just another quarter of an hour—or, if he got the cart ready, not to drive off for that time—while he should make a last desperate effort to scrape up the necessary cash. "The doctor," said he, "has been absent a' day, and his wife is gey certain that he has something, if he were only come hame. I'll just step up to the head o' the town, and see what speirings o' him."

While he went upon this mission, the cart was ordered to be brought up to the door, and every other preparation was made for departure. Mrs Livingston, with a kind of stupefied composure, gave directions to an individual who had offered to take charge of her family at home. Her husband sat, the very picture of despair. Such of the villagers as had interested themselves in the case were perpetually going out and in, to hear what prospects there were of a release of the prisoner, and to contribute sundry small sums which they were from time to time gathering. At the sight of the cart, the purpose of which was well known, the whole village got into a stir; and several old women, who recollected a time when the law was not so much respected in the land, had serious thoughts of raising a tumult for the rescue of their unfortunate countryman. At length the time proposed by Nicol expired. Only twelve pounds ten shillings could be offered in liquidation of the bill. Wight came out, with his prisoner, followed by the wife, and a group of sympathising friends. Still no news of Nicol. The party, therefore, mounted, and the cart was beginning to proceed down the crowded street. Just at that moment a desperate voice was heard in the other direction. It was Nicol, running with all his might, and calling to stop. Up he came, flourishing a small bunch of paper money in his hand. "The doctor's just come," cried he, "and here's what'll satisfy ye, my man." At this announcement, the murmur of the pitying crowd was changed to a clamour of joy, and poor Mrs Livingston almost fainted away. The cart was instantly turned back to the door of the inn, and the whole party returned to the room which they had just left, where the protested bill was duly settled, and the prisoner once more declared a free man. Geordie Wight of course now took his departure for Cloughton, carrying away with him almost every vestige of currency

which that morning could have been found in Aberlader.

That night, honest Livingston and his wife returned to their home, with more joyful and elated feelings than possessed them when they went to it, many years before, as bridegroom and bride. The death of Mrs Livingston's miserly uncle shortly afterwards occurred, and as his niece was the only heir to his large property, she and her husband were soon enabled to repay all the kindnesses bestowed upon them in the day of their misfortune; and the reader may rest assured that they did not forget the disinterested friendship of honest Jamie Nicol.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE. AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LITTLE, we believe, being popularly known in this country of the origin, progress, and present condition of literature, science, and the arts, in the United States of North America, we propose to devote a few columns of our Journal to the illustration of such an interesting subject.

We are informed that the first printing-press established in the American colonies was one set up at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, in the year 1638, the era of the foundation of Harvard College of that place. It was only established by the exertions and joint contributions of different individuals in Europe and America; and there is no doubt but the mechanism and types were imported from England. The first work which issued from this press was the Freeman's Call, and the second, the Almanack for New England, both in 1639; the first book printed was the New England version of the Psalms, an octavo volume of 300 pages. In 1676, books began to be printed at Boston; in 1686, printing became known in Philadelphia; and, in 1693, in New York. In the year 1700, there were only four printing-presses in the colonies. Since that period, and especially since the revolution, which removed every thing like a censorship of the press, the number of printing-presses has greatly increased. The mechanism of the press has likewise been much improved in America: the best lever or hand-press now in use among printers is the Columbian press, the invention of a native of the states, from whence it came into Great Britain. The Americans have copied the patent steam-press of Cowper of London, and now possess machines of this description. In 1800, the number of presses had increased to 300; in 1830, they amounted to 1200; and we learn that they are still increasing in number and extending their influence. A few years ago, the Cherokees, one of the tribes of native Indians, set up a press, and commenced a newspaper—a circumstance presenting us with an extraordinary instance of the growth of knowledge in America. At present, these Cherokees, who reside in a district in the southern states, have a newspaper written partly in English and partly in the Cherokee tongue. It is called the Cherokee Phoenix, and is conducted entirely by a young Cherokee. It seems it had been surmised that the editor was assisted by a white man, on which the following notice was put in the paper:—"No white has any thing to do with the management of our paper. No other person, whether white or red, besides the ostensible editor, has written, from the commencement of the Phoenix, half a column of matter which has appeared under the editorial head." How creditable is this fact to the intellect of the native Indian tribes of America!

At the beginning of the present century, one hundred original books and pamphlets were printed annually in the states; in 1825, the number had increased to six hundred, with about three hundred reprints. The number of original works is now greatly increased, and there are regular and rapidly-executed reprints of nearly all books of general interest and value appearing in London and Edinburgh, and many translations from the French and German languages. The number of elementary works, as will be subsequently mentioned, is very considerable. There is likewise a large and regular importation of books from Great Britain and other countries of Europe. By the tariff of duties established by act of Congress in 1832, all books printed previous to the year 1775, and also all books printed in other languages than the English, except Latin and Greek, are liable to a duty of four cents (twopence, we believe) each pound weight; those in Latin and Greek, when bound, fifteen cents a-pound; the same, when not bound, thirteen cents a-pound; the same, and all others, when bound, thirty cents a-pound. These duties are for the purpose of encouraging the native manufacture of books; and as they act as a serious obstacle to the importation of original works from Great Britain, they are by no means creditable to the legislature of the states. Copyright is secured in the United States for fourteen years, by depositing and recording the title of any work, map, chart, &c. at the office of the clerk of the district; and

can be renewed by the author, his executors or assigns, at the end of that term, for a further period of fourteen years. Let us now take a glance at the various departments of literature in detail.

Beginning with the newspaper press, we find that no newspaper appeared in the colonies till 1704, being about a hundred and twenty years after the printing of the first newspaper in England, and seventy-three years after the publication of the first in Scotland. The name of the paper was the News Letter, which was issued at Boston, and it continued till 1776. The first paper published in Philadelphia was issued in 1719, and the first in New York in 1733. At the commencement of the revolutionary war, the number of newspapers published in the states was only 37; in 1810 it was 358; in 1828 it was 802. The number may be now computed at about 1200. "The increase of newspapers in the United States (says Mr Macculloch, in his Dictionary of Commerce) has been far greater than in England; a result, partly, no doubt, to be ascribed to the more rapid increase of population in the Union, but in a far greater degree to freedom of taxation. The total number of newspapers annually issued in the United States is estimated at 55,000,000. We believe (he adds) that the total number issued in Great Britain and Ireland at this moment, notwithstanding the peculiar excitement of the period, is under 35,000,000; so that, making allowance for the difference of population, every individual in America has, at an average, more than twice the supply of newspapers enjoyed by individuals in England." Mr Macculloch, like most writers on this subject, has here failed to remember, that, by means of clubbing, as well as by the aid of reading-rooms and coffee-rooms, very few even in this country need absolutely deny themselves the perusal of a newspaper, if they wish it. However, it may be argued that the entire possession of a newspaper is better than the loan of one; therefore, in America they are patronised by all classes, and are found in almost every dwelling. Newspapers penetrate every where, and constitute, probably, the greater part of the reading of at least the agricultural portion of the people. Generally speaking, the postage of a newspaper in the states is only a halfpenny, and at most a halfpenny farthing. The sheets are free from stamps or any tax whatsoever; and it is at present in contemplation to abolish all postage on newspapers. Possibly this remarkable stretch of liberality is owing to the bearing of the law regulating the posts in the Union, whereby it is defined that the state shall have no profit from the monopoly of transmitting letters, &c., an arrangement quite in the spirit of a great and enlightened nation, and such as to inspire a warm admiration of the generous feeling which could have dictated it. Although far from standing on the same level of literary ability as the newspapers of Great Britain, and though frequently degraded by extreme party prejudice, the newspapers of the states possess a tone favourable to good morals, and obtain a greater influence over the people than almost any other element of society. This branch of American literature will improve in point of excellence of style and general characteristics, in proportion as society advances and refines.

Next to the newspaper press, we should estimate in extent and importance that of the larger periodical works. The earliest magazine attempted in the colonies, was the General Magazine, published at Philadelphia in 1741, by Benjamin Franklin, then a printer in that city. It was sustained no more than six months; and a weekly magazine, which was started at Boston in 1743, was continued only four weeks. These were sufficient indications of the want of appetite in the public for periodical literature; nevertheless, there seemed to be no lack of writers and publishers; for, in the course of the succeeding twenty years, twelve or fourteen other magazines were attempted in different towns, which all failed. In 1775, only one of these periodicals existed in the country, namely, the Pennsylvania Magazine, begun in that year, of which Thomas Paine was a principal contributor. It seems that all such works made their way, for a long time afterwards, slowly, and with much difficulty, mostly from the same cause that influences the defeat of our own provincial literary efforts—the possibility of getting a better article from the old-established marts of literature. But a revolution also came in this department of letters. In 1810, there were no fewer than twenty-four works of the nature of magazines, of which the Portfolio, edited by Mr Dennie, in Philadelphia, and the Anthology, edited at Boston, were the principal of general interest. The number, it is said, is greatly increased, amounting probably to a hundred, a number of which are of a religious nature. Boston is the busy seat of this species of literary manufacture.

The leading reviews in the states are the North American Review, edited in Boston by A. H. Everett, and the American Quarterly Review, conducted in Philadelphia by R. Walsh; the former has existed since 1815, the latter since 1827, and each has a circulation of between 3000 and 4000 copies, to which they are amply entitled. In 1832, another review was commenced, with the laudable purpose of being devoted entirely to criticisms of the works issuing from the American press. It is entitled the American Monthly Review. The London Quarterly and the Edinburgh Reviews, as well as some other popular English periodicals, are regularly republished in the

states. At present, a weekly periodical, entitled the New York Mirror, somewhat resembling our literary gazettes, but containing more original matter, is in the course of publication at New York, and is well supported. It is occasionally embellished with well-executed engravings, and is altogether a most meritorious print. Periodicals go by post at a small charge in the states, which must tend greatly to advance the interests of the works, and the comforts of the people.

STRANGE CLASSES OF ANIMALS.

MOLLUSCÆ.

ALTHOUGH there are analogous resemblances, as we pointed out in a former article, betwixt a vast proportion of animated beings, yet such is the wonderful variety in the works of nature, that there are myriads of creatures, many of which are hardly observable by the naked eye, and formed on quite a different plan from that of either birds or beasts, fishes, reptiles, or insects. The invention of the Creator—if we may use such an expression—has been boundless; and the more we look into his works, our senses are the more overcome with astonishment at the magnificence of his scheme of animated nature. The following account of quite a distinct kind of animals, which perhaps were never before heard of by many of our readers, illustrates this wonderful plan of creation. It is from an American periodical publication, and was written by Dr Reynell Coates, of the city of Philadelphia.

"Those who have sought relief from the summer heats at Long Branch or Cape May, have probably noticed, in their ramblings along the beach, certain gelatinous transparent masses deposited by the receding tide upon the sands. They resemble very large plano-convex lenses, and are devoid of colour, except in a few minute points, which appear like grains of yellow sand, or the eggs of some shells embedded in their substance. This has led many to consider them as the spawn of some marine animal.

If one of these gellies be placed in a tub of brine immediately after it reaches the shore, the observer will be surprised to find it possessed of animation. The superior, or convex part, will expand like the top of an umbrella, and from its under surface several fringed and leaf-like membranes will be developed. The remains of numerous threads, or tendrils, will float out from the margin of the umbrella, following the motions of the animal as it swims around the tub. These threads are often several feet in length before they are broken by the sand; they are probably employed both to entice and secure the prey, and they produce a sharp, stinging sensation, when applied to the skin. It is from the appearance and offensive power of these last organs, that seamen have given the animal the title of the sea nettle, and naturalists the generic name *Medusa*.

I have offered this rude description of the medusa, as a familiar example of the class of animated beings which are the subjects of the following remarks. They are all alike gelatinous and transparent, and many of them melt and flow away when exposed in the open air to the direct rays of the sun.

Of all the tribes of molluscæ which are scattered over every part of the ocean, the most splendid and the best known is the Portuguese man-of-war (*Physalia*). This is an oblong animated sack of air, elongated at one extremity into a conical neck, and surmounted by a membranous expansion running nearly the whole length of the body, and rising above into a semicircular sail, which can be expanded or contracted to a considerable extent, at the pleasure of the animal. From beneath the body are suspended from ten to fifty or more little tubes, from half an inch to an inch in length, open at their lower extremity, and formed like the flower of the blue-bottle. These have been regarded as temporary receptacles for food, like the first stomach of cattle; but as the animal is destitute of any visible mouth or alimentary canal, and as I have frequently seen fish in their cavities apparently half digested, I cannot but consider them as proper stomachs; nor indeed is it a greater paradox in zoology that an animal should possess many independent stomachs, than that the strange carnivorous vegetable, the *saracina*, should make use of its leaves apparently for a similar purpose.

From the centre of this group of stomachs depends a little cord, never exceeding the fourth of an inch in thickness, and often forty times as long as the body.

The size of the Portuguese man-of-war varies from half an inch to six inches in length. When it is in motion, the sail is accommodated to the force of the breeze, and the elongated neck is curved upward, giving to the animal a form strongly resembling the little glass swans which we sometimes see swimming in goblets.

It is not the form, however, which constitutes the chief beauty of this little navigator. The lower part of the body and the neck are devoid of all colour, except a faint iridescence in reflected lights; and they are so perfectly transparent, that the finest print is not obscured when viewed through them. The back becomes gradually tinged as we ascend, with the finest and most delicate blue that can be imagined; the base of the sail equals the purest sky in depth and beauty of tint; the summit is of the most splendid red, and the central part is shaded by the gradual intermixture of these colours through all the intermediate grades of purples. Drawn as it were upon a groundwork of mist, the tints have an aerial soft-

ness far beyond the reach of art, and warranting the seemingly imaginative description occasionally given of them. The group of stomachs is less transparent; and although the hue is the same as that of the back, they are on this account incomparably less elegant. By their weight and form they fill the double office of a keel and ballast, while the cori-like appendage, which floats out for yards behind, is called by seamen the cable.

The mode in which the animal secures his prey has been a subject of much speculation, for the fish and crabs that are frequently entangled within the little tubes are often large enough to tear them in pieces could they retain their natural vigour during the contest. Deceived by the extreme pain which is felt when the cable is brought into contact with the back of the hand, naturalists have concluded, I think too hastily, that this organ secretes a poisonous or acrid fluid, by which it benumbs any unfortunate fish or other animal that ventures within its toils, allured by the hope of making a meal upon what, in its ignorance, it has mistaken for a worm. The secret will be better explained by a more careful examination of the organ itself. The cord is composed of a narrow layer of contractile fibres, scarcely visible when relaxed, on account of its transparency. If the animal be large, this layer of fibres will sometimes extend itself to the length of four or five yards. A spiral line of blue bead-like bodies, less than the head of a pin, revolves around the cable from end to end, and under the microscope these beads appear covered with minute prickles, so hard and sharp, that they will readily enter the substance of wood, adhering with such pertinacity that the cord can rarely be detached without breaking.

It is to these prickles that the man-of-war owes its power of destroying animals much its superior in strength and activity. When any thing becomes impaled upon the cord, the contractile fibres are called into action, and rapidly shrink from many feet in length to less than the same number of inches, bringing the prey within reach of the little tubes by one of which it is immediately swallowed.

This weapon, so insignificant in appearance, is yet sufficiently formidable even to man. I had once the misfortune to become entangled with the cable of a very large man-of-war while swimming in the open ocean, and amply did it avenge its fellows who now sleep in my cabinet robbed at once of life and beauty. The pain which it inflicted was almost insupportable for some time, nor did it entirely cease for twenty-four hours.

I might now proceed to describe many analogous animals scarcely inferior in interest, but it is time to notice some individuals of another tribe, residing beneath the surface, and therefore less generally known.

The grandest of these is the berce. In size and form it precisely resembles a purse, the mouth, or orifice, answering to one of the modern metallic clasps. It is perfectly transparent; and in order to distinguish its filmy outlines, it is necessary to place it in a tumbler of brine held between the observer and the light. In certain directions the whole body appears faintly iridescent, but there are several longitudinal narrow lines which reflect the full rich tints of the rainbow in the most vivid manner, for ever varying and mingling the hues, even while the animal remains at rest. Under the microscope these lines display a succession of innumerable coloured scales or minute fins, which are kept unceasingly in motion, thus producing the play of colours by continually changing the angle of reflection.

The movements of the berce are generally retrograde, and are not aided by the coloured scales, but depend upon the alternate contraction and dilatation of the mouth. The lips are never perfectly closed, and the little fish and shrimps which play around them are continually entering and leaving them at pleasure. The animal is dependent for its food upon such semi-animated substances as it draws within its grasp by moving slowly backwards in the water, and retains them in consequence of their own feebleness and inability to escape the weakest of anares.

Another tribe of the sea-purses (*Salpa*), though much smaller than the berce, are more complex in structure, and possess a higher interest in consequence of the singular habits of some of the species. They are double sacks, resembling the berce in general form, but destitute of iridescence.

The outer sack, or mantle, rarely exceeds an inch in length, and is commonly about half as wide. The inner sack is much smaller, and the interval between these forms a cavity for the water which they breathe, and for some of the viscera. Their visible organs are a transparent heart, which can only be seen in the strongest light; a splendid double row of whitish bead-like cavities forming a spiral line near one extremity, and supposed to be either lungs or ovaries; numerous broad, flat, pearly muscles, barely distinguished by their mistiness, and an alimentary canal as fine as horse-hair, with a slight enlargement at one spot, which has been called a stomach. This enlargement resembles both in size and colour a grain of sand. From the base of the animal arise two longer and four or five shorter conical spines of jelly, curved into hooks at the points, by means of which numerous individuals attach themselves together in double rows like the leaflets of a pinnated leaf. Cords of this kind, composed of forty or fifty animals, were often taken, but they separate and reattach themselves at pleasure.

To the gregarious habits of this little mollusque we owe a very singular and striking phenomenon, which I have never seen noticed by naturalists, although we frequently witnessed it near the Cape of Good Hope. The animals are occasionally found associated together in such countless myriads that the sea is literally filled with them, sometimes over three or four square miles of surface, and to the depth of several fathoms. The yellow spots which have been described being the only coloured portions of their body, give to the whole tract the appearance of a shoal or sand-bank at some distance below the surface. The deception is heightened by the greater smoothness of the water at these places, particularly in

calm weather; for so closely are the animals crowded together, that the water is rendered in a manner less fluid; the smaller billows break around the margin and are lost, while the heavy waves of the Southern Ocean are somewhat opposed in their progress, and take on in a slight degree the usual appearance of the ground-swell. There can be but little doubt that many of the numerous shoals laid down in the charts of this region, but which have never been seen by any but the supposed discoverers, have been immense banks of these gregarious molluscs. In sailing through a tract of this description, in which the progress of the ship was very sensibly retarded, I have dipped up with the ship's bucket a greater bulk of the animals than of the water in which they were suspended. How wonderful are the effects produced by the minute links of creation!

THE BRIDGES OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

A VERY interesting series of views may be obtained by taking a wherry at Vauxhall Bridge about the time of high water, because the Thames not only appears to greater advantage then, but an elevation of from eighteen to twenty feet, which the tide affords, is best suited for enjoyment of the scenery. A fine sunshiny morning should be chosen, and the waterman should be directed to row leisurely along the Surrey shore down to London Bridge.

There are six bridges on the Thames within a space of three miles, connecting the counties of Middlesex and Surrey. VAUXHALL BRIDGE, or the uppermost, has nine cast iron arches, of 78 feet span, and 29 feet high, on piers constructed of wood, and faced with stone. Its length is 800 feet, rising slightly in the centre. A toll is taken of one shilling for two-horse carriages, and sixpence for one-horse gigs, and twopence for a horse, and one penny for each foot passenger: it cost about £150,000.

Immediately on passing this bridge, a large brick building appears in an open space on the left, of an octagonal form, inclosing eighteen acres of ground, adapted as a penitentiary for convicts; near it, on the east, is the church of St John the Evangelist, a richly ornamented building, with a tower at each of its four angles, the foundation not proving safe for the erection of a steeple, as originally intended.

The next striking object is on the opposite, or Surrey, side of the river, the ancient tower of St Mary's, Lambeth, built of stone in 1375; adjoining which, is the old gate, or entrance to the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a great portion of which was built in the thirteenth century; the additions have rendered it a structure of princely magnificence. It is remarkable for its splendid library, enriched by a long succession of bishops. On casting the eye to the opposite shore, a beautiful mass of buildings rises in view. The House of Lords; the residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons, interspersed with trees; backed by the roofs of Westminster Hall, the abbey, and its western towers, all partaking of the Gothic style of architecture: while, immediately in front, is WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, deemed one of the most elegant in the world. It is built of Portland stone, consisting of fifteen arches: the centre being 76 feet in width; six arches on either side, 52 feet in width; and one arch at each end, 20 feet in width. The extent of the bridge is 1223 feet, surmounted with a balustrade, and ornamented with piers, and a spacious flight of steps at either extremity. The cost of building is said to have been £389,000. It was finished in 1750, and is toll-free.

On passing this bridge, a number of edifices in the vicinity of Whitehall present themselves to the eye of the spectator; beneath which range, innumerable vessels and craft engaged in the coal-trade appear. Next, the recently erected market at Hungerford-stairs becomes prominent. The building consists of a centre, with tiers of shops for the convenience of various dealers, and flanked by wings, which are converted into taverns. The quay in front is generally surrounded by boats, and covered by dealers. A little space beyond, stands a handsome range of lofty brick buildings, based by a terrace, called the Adelphi, from having been built by four brothers; they are constructed on brick arches of great solidity, which form subterranean communication, rising gradually to a level with the Strand, one of the greatest thoroughfares in London.

The banks of the river on the right are crowded with coal and timber barges, belonging to the adjacent wharfs. The Thames here begins to take a bold sweep, bringing into view a scene of unrivalled grandeur. Immediately in front is the line of graceful arches which form WATERLOO BRIDGE; above which, on the left, is the splendid mass of tasteful architecture, Somerset House, and numerous spires and steeples; while, above all, rises the cathedral of St Paul, with its magnificent dome and golden cross. Through the arches of the bridge, the busy shores and numerous vessels diversify and animate the scene. The line of wharfs upon the right is broken by a lofty circular building, in which shot is manufactured: buildings of a better description now deck the Surrey shore; and every where the eye is filled with objects of increasing interest. Waterloo Bridge has excited ge-

neral admiration for its simplicity and grandeur; it has nine elliptical arches, each 120 feet span, with ornamental piers of 20 feet wide; it is built of Cornish granite, and finished with a balustrade of the sparkling granite of Aberdeen. Within the abutments it measures 1242 feet; while, to render the line of bridge level with the Strand on the London side, there are 400 feet of massive brick arches, and on the Lambeth side 1250 feet of arches; so that the bridge may be considered a level of 2900 feet. This noble ornament to the metropolis was finished in 1817, by public subscription: a toll is taken. On passing this bridge, the first object that arrests the eye of the spectator is Somerset House, beautifully rising on its arched terrace, forming a grand centre, with decorated wings, lofty, and of great expanse. It stands on the site of a palace, in which Queen Elizabeth, Anne of Denmark, and Catherine, Queen of Charles the Second, resided, which was demolished in 1775; and the present magnificent edifice was built from designs by Sir W. Chambers, of stone, occupying 800 feet in front and 500 in depth; the interior presents a spacious quadrangle, in which are many public offices, societies' rooms, the Royal Academy, &c.

The next most striking object is the extensive line of brick buildings forming the Temple, named from the knight-templars having there resided; they are now the chambers and dwellings of gentlemen of the law. Between the ranges of buildings and the river, there are gardens and plantations of considerable extent, giving a beautiful variety to the scenery; these are open to the public, and during the summer months offer a delightful promenade.

BLACKFRIARS' BRIDGE next appears, and presents a splendid scene, in unison with the increasing number of spires, and the dome of St Paul's, which now assumes an enormous height and magnitude. This bridge forms a graceful curve, with nine arches, the centre 100 feet wide, the others gradually decreasing on either side; the whole length being 995 feet; each pier is enriched with two Ionic columns, which sustain recesses; a balustrade decorates the top; and its general appearance is light and elegant. It was finished in 1768, and cost £152,840: there is no toll.

On passing this bridge, St Paul's is seen in its magnitude stretching from east to west in imposing grandeur; it is built of Portland stone, in the Grecian style of architecture, from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren; it was finished in 1710, having occupied thirty-five years in building. The exterior consists of rustic masonry, enriched with columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order below, and of the Composite above, with rich entablatures, balustrades, &c. The north-west and south-west angles are terminated by turrets of elegant construction. Where the lines of the cross intersect, on the ground plan, the architecture ascends in a superb circle of columns, surmounted by a balustrade, forming the base to a dome of beautiful and majestic proportions, which is heightened by a lantern and a globe, terminated by a cross, forming altogether a combination of great architectural magnificence. Its length is 500 feet, width 285, height 340, and cost nearly a million and a half of money. St Paul's stands on the highest spot of ground in the city of London, and is a commanding object for many miles.

The next object of attention is SOUTHWARK BRIDGE: it consists of three stupendous cast-iron arches—the centre 240 feet span, the others 210 feet each, resting on solid masonry. The weight of iron employed is 5310 tons: it was finished in 1819; its whole length is 708 feet: the cost £800,000. This bridge was constructed with such accuracy, that when the centre-rings of the middle arch were removed, the sinking at the vertex was not two inches. Toll is taken, as at Vauxhall Bridge. As if the different architects had studied variety of form in the outline of the bridges to gratify spectators, the effect of Southwark Bridge never fails to excite sensations of pleasure. The centre is the widest span of arch in the world, and is considered a triumph of art.

The Thames here becomes narrower, and the bustle appears greater. Queenhithe, which is on the left, is an inlet where the west-country barges load and unload their freights. Numerous vessels and craft are to be seen employed. The wherry, of which there are about 2000, is a long light-keeled boat, constructed for the conveyance of passengers, and managed by one or two men, as may be required. The lugger is a boat of from ten to twenty tons burden, having a main and foresail, managed by two men. The craft are flat-bottomed boats of about thirty tons burden, employed chiefly in the coal-trade; they are managed by one man, who, with a long oar at the head, gives direction as they float with the tide. The barge is a flat-bottomed boat of about twenty or thirty tons, long and narrow, to suit their passage on the canals in the inland part of the country, as far as Bristol. There are others, called west-country barges, of from 50 to 120 tons burden; they carry main and fore sail, and are managed by four or six men. These immense boats convey grain, timber, and bark, to London, and return with coals, dry goods, &c., as far as Oxford. All these lower their masts on passing under the bridges. There are also various pleasure yachts and steam-boats, which add considerably to the gaiety of the scene. It is worthy of remark, that so excellent is the arrangement on the river, that amid the throng above-bridge an accident rarely occurs.

After passing Southwark Bridge, LONDON BRIDGE appears with extraordinary beauty. It is composed of five elliptical arches, the centre being 150 feet span, the next on either side 140 feet, and the others 130 feet, with piers of about 30 feet wide; the length is 690 feet, the Thames being much narrower here than at either of the other bridges. The objects that present themselves to the spectator assume a different character. Hulls of ships appear, seen through the arches, and forests of masts above, their sails drying in the breeze, and colours of all nations flying. On the left stands the Monument, a lofty column of the Doric order, built with Portland stone, to perpetuate the remembrance of the great fire of London in 1666. This column stands on a finely sculptured pedestal of 40 feet; within is a stair of 345 steps, and the summit is crowned with a blazing urn of gilt brass: the whole height is 202 feet. A great number of spires, lofty warehouses, and crowds of toiling individuals far and near, exhibit the vastness of mercantile transaction, and fill the mind with astonishment.

The increasing velocity of the tide, the number of craft on the move, and the departure of steam-boats for Gravesend, Margate, and other places, render it not advisable to proceed farther by a wherry, but to land on the Surrey side of London Bridge, and from the top survey the tiers of shipping that crowd the river farther than the eye can reach, and contemplate a scene unequalled in splendour, wealth, and importance.

SCOTTISH EXECUTIONERS.

SOME Scottish executioners have been rather singular characters, and, accordingly, are the subjects of considerable traditional fame. In the reign of Charles the Second, Alexander Cockburn, the hangman of Edinburgh, and who must have officiated at the exits of many of the "martyrs" in the Grassmarket, was found guilty of the murder of a bluegown, or privileged beggar, and accordingly suffered that fate which he had so often meted out to other men. One Mackenzie, the hangman of Stirling, whom Cockburn had traduced and endeavoured to thrust out of office, was the triumphant executioner of the sentence.

Another Edinburgh hangman of this period was a reduced gentleman, the last of a respectable family who had possessed an estate in the neighbourhood of Melrose. He had been a profligate in early life, squandered the whole of his patrimony, and at length, for the sake of subsistence, was compelled to accept this wretched office, which in those days must have been unusually obnoxious to popular odium, on account of the frequent executions of innocent and religious men. Notwithstanding his extreme degradation, this unhappy reprobate could not altogether forget his original station, and his former tastes and habits. He would occasionally resume the garb of a gentleman, and mingle in the parties of citizens who played at golf in the evenings on Bruntsfield Links. Being at length recognised, he was chased from the ground with shouts of execration and loathing, which affected him so much, that he retired to the solitude of the King's Park, and was next day found dead at the bottom of a precipice, over which he appeared to have thrown himself in his despair. This rock was afterwards called the *Hangman's Craig*.

In the year 1700, when the Scottish people were in a state of great excitement, on account of the interference of the English government against their expedition to Darien, some persons were apprehended for a riot in the city of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be whipped and put upon the pillory. As these persons had acted under the influence of the general feeling, they excited the sympathy of the people in an extraordinary degree, and even the hangman was found to have scruples about the propriety of punishing them. Upon the pillory they were presented with flowers and wine; and when arrayed for flagellation, the executioner made a mere mockery of his duty, never once permitting his whip to touch their backs. The magistrates were very indignant at the conduct of their servant, and sentenced him to be scourged in his turn. However, when the Haddington executioner was brought to officiate upon his metropolitan brother, he was so much frightened by the threatening aspect of the mob, that he thought it prudent to make his escape through a neighbouring alley. The laugh was thus turned against the magistrates, who, it was said, would require to get a third executioner to punish the Haddington man. They prudently dropped the whole matter.

At a somewhat later period, the Edinburgh official was a man named John Dalgleish. He it was who acted at the execution of Wilson, the smuggler, in 1736, and who is alluded to so frequently in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Dalgleish, we have heard, was esteemed, before his taking up this office, as a person in creditable circumstances. He is memorable for one pithy saying. Some one asking him how he contrived, in whipping a criminal, to adjust the weight of his arm, "Oh," said he, "I lay on the lash according to my conscience." Either "Jock," or some later official, was remarked to be a regular hearer at the Tolbooth Church. As no other person would sit in the same seat, he always had a pew to himself. He regularly communicated; but here the exclusive-

ness of his fellow-creatures also marked itself, and the clergyman was obliged to serve a separate table for the hangman, after the rest of the congregation had retired from the church.

The last Edinburgh executioner of whom any particular notice has been taken by the public, was John High, commonly called Jock Heich, who acceded to the office in the year 1784, and died so lately as 1817. High had been originally induced to undertake this degrading duty, in order to escape the punishment due to a petty offence—that of stealing poultry. We remember him living in his official mansion, in a lane adjoining to the Cowgate—a small wretched-looking house, assigned by the magistrates for the residence of this race of officers, and which has only been removed within the last few years, to make way for the extension of the buildings of the Parliament Square. He had then a second wife, whom he used to beat unmercifully. Since Jock's days, no executioner has been personally remarked in the city. No one has been so conspicuous as to be known by name. The fame of the occupation somehow seems to have departed.

Of old, the hangman of Edinburgh used to be called, more delicately, the *dempster*, on account of his being employed to pronounce sentence in court upon condemned criminals. He was also called the *locksmán*, in consideration of a privilege he enjoyed, of taking a *lock* or handful of meal from every sack brought into the city market. One hangman for each circuit-town has long been considered the complement of this honourable corps in Scotland; but it would appear, that, in former times, every burgh had its own express official, as, in these economising times, there seems a disposition to make one or two serve for the whole country. The editor of the *Inverness Courier* lately amused the public with an account of the numerous petty sources of income enjoyed by the official of that northern burgh; and, from the *Dumfries Courier*, we find that the expense of maintaining one man for perhaps a single day's service in the year, has induced the magistrates of that town to dispense with an executioner for a considerable time. With the following notices of one of the last hangmen of Dumfries, borrowed from our friend M'Diarmid, we shall conclude the present article:—

"In Dumfries, the names of only two hangmen—Roger Wilson and Joseph Tait—live in the memory of the present generation. In 1784, and subsequent years, the salary of the first was L.6 per annum, and a free house, valued at L.1, 13s. 4d. In addition to this, he was permitted to dip his brass ladle into every sack of meal, barley, &c., exposed in the market. But Roger Wilson was a respectable man, if such a term can be applied to a hangman; kept cows, sold milk, and had two daughters, who, for beauty and good behaviour, were the admiration of all the youth of the place. For long, therefore, Roger and the farmers and meal-dealers were on the best terms possible. Discreet and modest, nobody refused him, but, on the contrary, opened their sacks freely. A girl followed him with bags for receiving his multures, according to their nature; and it was always remarked, that, in the case of small sacks, he only took one-half, although entitled to a whole ladleful. At length, however, a spirit of resistance sprang up, and on one occasion, a person of the name of Johnston not only refused the hangman his dues, but abused and threatened him into the bargain. As this was more than could be well borne, the functionary complained to Bailie Shaw, who instantly called the recusant before him, and attempted to reason him into a better way of thinking and acting. But he was deaf to all entreaty, bearded even the bailie, and in the end was sent to prison, where he lay for some time, disdaining every thing in the shape of a compromise. In fact, when the magistrate tendered his discharge, he insolently replied, 'Him who sent me in maun come and tak' me out, or I'll no budge a single fit.' But the recusant, to use a common phrase, had what he considered good backing, and was merely an instrument in the hands of others. Accordingly, an action was raised in his name for wrongous imprisonment, and a second, in the shape of a Declarator, to the effect that the magistrates of Dumfries had no right in law to let the hangman and his ladle loose on the public every market-day. Both actions were stoutly defended, and after years of litigation in the Court of Session, both were dismissed, and the defenders allowed all expenses. The exact amount of these we do not know; but that they were heavy, may be inferred from this fact, that the extract of the proceedings, which is still preserved, fills hundreds of closely written pages. Johnston's friends, who were so ready to flatter and urge him forward, took care to screen themselves from ulterior consequences: their names were not in the bond, and their tool or instrument, from inability to meet the demands made on his purse, was a second time cast into prison, and became, in short, something very like a ruined man. At the conclusion of the litigation, one of the judges recommended to the Dumfries authorities some less objectionable method of paying their hangman—an advice which was taken in good part, and speedily acted upon by increasing Wilson's salary, and abolishing the ladle dues. The increase was not great at first, but it rose gradually, and in the year 1808, when the office was abolished, Tait was receiving L.18 per annum in quarterly instalments. Wilson's wife, though a respectable woman,

fell into low spirits, and, undeterred by her husband's occupation, literally hanged herself. The public commiserated the situation of her daughters, whose feelings were stung to the quick on the occasion, and who shortly after left Dumfries as the surest way of eschewing the stigma, which, as they perhaps justly imagined, attached to their name. As both were very beautiful women, and as virtuous as lovely, they attracted admirers wherever they went, and contracted, as we have been told, alliances far beyond their station in life. One of them resided some time in London, and was courted by a trader or merchant of superior respectability. For long, however, she declined his suit, and when asked, nay, warmly pressed, to assign her reasons, and questioned as to whether any previous attachment or engagement existed, the poor girl burst into tears, and told her story with the greatest simplicity. The individual in question had entirely won her affections; but she hesitated, notwithstanding, from feelings honourable to human nature. Early impressions cling to the heart, and invade its very core; and hence her dread that it might be brought against her as a reproach in the married state, and even descend as a taint on the character of her children, that their mother was, or had been, a hangman's daughter. Her lover, a sensible, liberal-minded man, so far from shuddering at such a disclosure, became more deeply sensible that the accidents of birth are a feather in the scale as compared with true nobility of mind and character, and vowing on the spot eternal silence and oblivion, if possible, as to any such circumstance, shortly after married Miss Wilson, and shared with her many years of unbroken happiness.

In limited communities, executioners are always obnoxious characters, and on this ground alone, and apart from much higher considerations, we are glad that their numbers are likely to be thinned. With common prudence they fend very well in crowded cities, are rarely recognised, and may walk when business calls to almost any place of public resort. More than twenty years ago a friend of our own called at the Edinburgh Cess Office, and while transacting some business, was amused with the contrast of the very Rev. Principal Baird standing at the one end of the counter receiving his quarter's stipend, and Jack Ketch at the other, pocketing his weekly or monthly allowance!"

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HANNAH MORE.

THERE must be few of our readers, perhaps not even excepting those in the remotest islands of Zetland, who have not heard of the name of this amiable and philanthropic authoress, and who would not be gratified with the recital of the leading particulars of her life: a biographic sketch of such an exemplary individual is at least appropriate to the pages of a work devoted to the moral cultivation of the people.

Hannah More was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1745. She was the eldest of five daughters, and her parents ranked among the poorer classes of society, though respected by all who knew them. Her father held the humble but honourable office of village schoolmaster; and such was his reputation for sobriety and diligence, that, on a vacancy in the parochial school of St Mary, Redcliff, at Bristol, he was appointed to that situation without competition. Hannah, who was at this time about fourteen years old, had even at that age attracted notice by the fertility of her genius and aptitude for learning. The propriety of her conduct, as evinced in the assistance which she rendered to her parents, and particularly in the instruction she imparted to her sisters, did not fail to procure her some valuable friends; through the patronage of one of whom, a Dr Stonhouse, as well as of his family, she was enabled to establish a respectable and flourishing day-school on Redcliff Hill. Through the same interest, she afterwards removed to Park Street, in Bristol; and here she and her sisters took a select number of boarders, so that at length the day-school was given up. Hannah had now leisure to store her mind with polite learning—a measure desirable in her situation, more especially since her previous education had been of the plainest description. So well did she now profit by her studies, and the refined society with which she was surrounded, that at the age of eighteen she was endowed with sufficient ability to compose some poetical pieces for the improvement of her pupils, one or two of whom were actually older than herself. Among those early productions was a pastoral drama, entitled "The Search after Happiness," which was recited by a party of young ladies, for whom it was purposely written, and which was eagerly read and much admired by several persons of literary taste and judgment at Bristol. As manuscript copies were in consequence handed about and multiplied among the author's friends, the publication of the pastoral was strongly desired, but all importunities to that effect were resisted, till Garrick, the celebrated actor, added his recommendation, when the drama was printed at Bristol; and such was its success, that within a few months it passed through three editions.

A successful first piece usually confirms the young mind in authorcraft. Hannah now felt encouraged

to try her ability in the highest branch of dramatic poetry. She brought out, one after another, three pieces in the line of tragedy, which were received with a flattering measure of applause; but these, with some subsequent legendary poems, did not gain permanent popularity. Nevertheless, their success at the time induced the young authoress to proceed in her literary occupation. In 1777, she published a small volume of "Essays for Young Ladies," which was also received with approbation; and in 1782, she put forth a volume of "Sacred Dramas," with a poem annexed, entitled "Sensibility." This attempt to dramatise some of the historical portions of the Bible was equally successful, and the Sacred Dramas are still esteemed among the most edifying of her writings. The talents of the writer, and the high moral strain of her sentiment, gave satisfaction to all who consider the cultivation of the young as of paramount importance, for to that end nearly all Hannah More's efforts tended. Among others by whom she was thus esteemed was Dr Samuel Johnson; and it need hardly be said that Hannah had a due sense of the value of his friendship. She admired Johnson's stern inflexibility of moral character, she venerated his principles; and it is apparent that the style of the one was adopted as the model of the other.

Between 1786 and 1789 our authoress published different poems of more or less merit; and, on the outbreak of the French Revolution, she endeavoured, by some prose writings, now generally forgotten, from their temporary character, to stem the tide of immorality which was considered to be setting in over Britain. Of some of these publications, not fewer than a million of copies were sold. In the country around Bristol, she likewise did much to promote the establishment of societies and schools, calculated to be beneficial to the poor and unlearned, which afterwards proved of great benefit, not only to the district, but in other quarters where they were laudably imitated. In 1799, Hannah, or as she was now called, Mrs Hannah More, published her "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," three editions of which appeared the same year. Her strictures and precepts on this subject were by many considered as too severe, and in some measure unjust; they however met with the approbation of the highest personages in the realm, by whom she was desired to frame them for the instruction of the Princess Charlotte. At this time Mrs More had retired from active life; but this flattering commission induced her to relinquish her house at Bath, and to return to Barley Wood, a cottage delightfully situated in the village of Wrington, there to pursue her work. Here she wrote the treatise entitled "Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess," which, on being published, was extensively read and admired among persons whose judgment was deserving of esteem.

In 1803, there appeared a tale, in two volumes, entitled "Celebs in Search of a Wife." Though the work was unaccredited by any name, the world immediately ascribed it to Hannah More; and such was the effect of the impression, that six editions were sold in the course of the year. This was the first attempt of our authoress at novel-writing; and she was led to adopt that mode of conveying instruction now, from a wish to turn the popular taste to a moral and religious purpose. The object of the work is to exhibit the dispositions, manners, attainments, and principles necessary to ensure domestic happiness. The author, imagining, and probably knowing from experience, that those who stand most in need of instruction on this subject would not have patience to read grave dissertations and didactic essays, contrived to weave her lessons into the form of a pleasing story, with a title calculated to attract general attention. Mrs More seems to have been actuated by something like the spirit of Cervantes, and conceived the hope, that, as the ingenious Spaniard, in the sixteenth century, corrected the bad taste of his countrymen through the charm of a popular romance, she might possibly accomplish a similar work of reformation in England, where it was greatly wanted, by the fascinating medium of a novel. Celebs was soon translated into foreign languages, particularly French and German; so that this delightfully moral tale was as much read on the European continent and in North America as in England. This successful fiction produced a host of imitations in the religious novel style, not one of which possessed the genius of the original; and, from the mawkishness of their sentiment, they have justly enough fallen into oblivion.

In 1811, and the following year, Mrs More favoured the world with two very valuable treatises, closely connected with each other in subject—the first entitled "Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life;" the second, "Christian Morals." In the prefaces of these works, affecting allusions are made to the situation under which they were written, and more especially to the deaths, in almost quick succession, of the three sisters between Hannah the eldest, and Martha the youngest. The preface to the "Christian Morals" was intended as a literary farewell to the public, in a grateful acknowledgment for a long continuance of patronage, and an apology for another appearance in the world as an instructor. But though, apparently, Mrs More now took a final leave of the press, which she had for so many years employed honourably to herself and beneficially to the world, her entire mind still laboured with delight in the

cause to which her talents had been uniformly devoted. In 1815, she published one of the ablest of her performances, "An Essay on the Character and Writings of St Paul;" and in the few subsequent years she wrote a series of moral portraits, drawn from real life, entitled "Modern Sketches." Most of these appeared, from time to time, in the "Christian Observer;" together with others, which the writer afterwards transferred, in a more lively form, to the pages of Celebs.

With these papers the literary history of Mrs Hannah More terminated. She had previously retired from Barley Wood to a neat house in Clarence Place, Clifton, where, for the remainder of her days, in a state of decrepitude from repeated attacks of the rheumatism, and a complication of other disorders, she lived in a state of peaceful quietude, appropriate to her pious sentiments, till the 7th of September 1833, when she died at the age of eighty-eight years. Both by her boarding-school and her literary efforts, she had realised an ample fortune—it is understood not less than £30,000, of which she bequeathed £10,000, in sums of different amount, to various societies, schools, hospitals, and other charitable and religious institutions. It would be superfluous for us to say any thing here of the character and peculiar tone of mind of this eminent female writer. Her works have obtained a wide celebrity, and are so well known as to need no comment from us on their qualities. It has been said, that, unless she had from the first been under exceedingly influential patronage, she could never have obtained such a degree of success for her writings; but we take the liberty of saying, that the patronage of a whole existing generation could never confer permanent value on any species of productions intrinsically destitute of merit.

THE CLOCK PEDLAR.

THE travelling merchants or pedlars of New England are notorious all over North America for their activity in pushing off their wares; but no class of them equals those who deal in clocks, who are thus humorously described by Colonel David Crockett, in his recently-published "Sketches and Eccentricities."

"A pedlar, in disposing of a clock, feels the same anxiety that a general does on the eve of a battle, and displays as much mind in bringing arguments to support his wishes, as Bonaparte did on the plains of Waterloo in the disposition of his forces. Their perseverance is so untiring, and it has been so often crowned with success, that a Yankee clock now graces every cabin throughout the west. And the backwoodsmen, even the half-horse, half-alligator breed, when boasting of their exploits, always add, 'I can stand any thing but a clock pedlar.' Reader, did you ever know a full-blooded Yankee clock pedlar? If not, imagine a tall lank fellow, with a thin visage, and small dark grey eyes, looking through you at every glance, and having the word trade written in his every action, and you will then have an idea of Mr Slim. * * * The sun was getting low, when Slim, who was travelling the high road, with a perfect knowledge that there was a tavern about a mile ahead of him, left it to seek a cabin, which, with a modest but a retiring aspect, showed itself in the woods at some short distance. The smoke, floating off from a dirt chimney, was mingling with the blue ether; and the children, with loud laughing voices, were playing in the yard. But no sooner did they see the clock pedlar, than there was a race, each striving to be the first bearer of the news, that a gentleman with a carriage was coming. Slim, driving up, halted; and there walked out the proprietor of the cabin. 'Friend, can't you give a stranger in these parts some directions?' 'Bout what, or where?' 'Wuh—my horse is tired, and I should like myself to get a pallet.' 'If you had kept the road about a mile farther, you would have found a tavern; but if you can rough it here, do so. My house is always open to a stranger.' Slim accepts the invitation, draws the wagon into the yard, and while rubbing his 'cretur' down, chuckles to himself, 'I've got that fellow.' They go to the house, take a little whisky and water, eat supper, and draw around the fire. Slim then makes a dead set to get rid of one of his clocks. 'Stranger, what's your name?' 'Baines: An' what's yours?' 'Slim: Mr Baines, I haven't shown you my articles yet.' 'What sort of articles?' 'I have a fine clock that I could spare, and some jewellery, and a few combs. They would suit your daughter there, if they ain't too fine; but as I got a great bargain in 'em, I can sell 'em cheap.' 'Jewellery in these backwoods! 'Twould be as much out of place on my gal here as my leather hunting-shirt would be on you; and as for a clock, I have a good one—you see it there.' Slim finds a thousand faults with it, knows the maker—never did see one of that make worth a fourpence-halfpenny—and winds up with, 'Now let me sell you a clock worth having.' 'No, I have one that answers my purpose.' 'Not so bad a beginning,' said Slim to himself.

Slim then brings out his horn, or, as he calls them, his tortoise-shell combs, and his counterfeit jewellery, all of which he warrants to be genuine—overwhelms the young lady with compliments upon her present

appearance, and enlarges upon the many additional charms his articles would give her—wishes to sell a comb to her mother, who thinks one for her daughter will be sufficient. 'Your daughter, madam!' Slim would never have suspected her of being old enough to have a daughter grown. The mother and daughter begin to see new beauties in the pedlar's wares. They select such articles as they would like to have, and, joining with the pedlar, they pour forth on old Baines one continued volley of sound argument, setting forth the advantages to be derived from the purchase. The old man seeing the storm that is about to burst, collects within himself all his resources, and for a long time parries, with the skill of an expert swordsman, the various deadly thrusts which are made against him. But his opponents return to the charge, in no-wise discomfited. They redouble their energies. With the pedlar in front, they pour into the old man volley after volley. No breathing time is allowed. He wavers—falters. Flesh and blood can't stand every thing. And, as a wall before some well-directed battery, his resolution grows weak—for a moment totters—then falls, leaving a clear breach. Through this the pedlar enters; and having disposed of two tortoise-shell combs, and a little double-refined jewellery, the women retire from the field of action, and the pedlar, taking advantage of the prostrate condition of his adversary, again reiterates the defects in his clock, and concludes with, 'Now let me sell you one cheap.' 'No, I'll have none of it!' bursts forth from Baines, accompanied with a torrent of abuse.

Slim now disappears, but soon returns, bearing in his arms a Yankee wooden clock. Baines looks thunderstruck. 'Let me put it up.' 'No, it's no use.' 'I know that. I don't want you to buy it. I only want to put it up.' Still asking permission, yet having it denied, Slim is seen bustling about the room, until, at the end of the dialogue, his wooden clock having encroached upon the dominions of an old family timepiece, is seen suspended with all the beauty, yet bold effrontery of a Yankee notion. Slim having accomplished so much, draws around the fire, and soothes the old man by discussing the quality of his farm. Baines begins to go into the minutiae of his farming operations, and the clocks strike nine. 'Now, just notice the tone of my clock. Don't you see the difference?' 'A man may buy land here at a dollar an acre.' 'I like always to see in a house a good timepiece; it tells us how the day passes.' 'Wife, hadn't we better kill that beef in the morning?' 'Did you notice that clock of mine had a looking-glass in it?' Baines proposes to go to bed. Slim always likes to retire early; and, going to his apartment, cries out, 'Well now, old man, buy that clock. You can have it upon your own terms. Think about it, and give me an answer in the morning.' 'What do I want with the clock?' 'Oh, you can have it upon your own terms. Besides, a man of your appearance ought to have a good clock. I wouldn't have that rotten thing of yours. Did you notice the difference when they were striking?' Baines going to his room, says, 'No, I'll be shot if I buy it.' Soon the house becomes quiet. Slim collects his scattered forces, and makes preparation for a renewal of the attack in the morning. The daughter dreams of tortoise-shell combs and jewellery. The mother, from Slim's compliment, believes herself both young and beautiful. And the old man never turns over but the corners of a clock prick him in the side.

Morning comes, and with its first light Slim rises, feeds his 'cretur,' and meeting with Mr Baines, makes many inquiries after his health, &c.; professes to be in a hurry, and concludes with, 'Well, as I must now leave, what say you about the clock?' 'Why, that I don't want it.' Slim bolts into the chamber, where the ladies are scarcely dressed, after whom he makes many inquiries; then jumps into a chair, and sets both clocks to striking, ridicules the sound of the old man's, and commences the well-formed attack of the last night, which he keeps up for nearly an hour, only interrupted by the repeated striking of the clocks. They then sit down to breakfast, and Slim returns to the charge. The old man is utterly confounded. Slim sees his advantage, follows him over his farm, every part of which he admires, and which only supports his argument, that a man so well fixed ought to have a good clock. They return to the house, take a little more whisky and water, and Slim is struck with the improved appearance of the room. His clock sets it off. Slim, clapping Baines by the shoulder, 'Well, now, old gentleman, let me sell you the clock.' 'But what shall I do with mine?' 'Oh, I'll buy that. What do you ask for it?' 'It ought to be worth ten dollars.' 'Mine cost me forty dollars; but give me thirty to boot, and it's a trade.' 'Well, I believe—No, I won't have it.' 'My dear fellow, my clock is fastened up now. Besides, you have made me waste all day here—you ought to take it.' Baines does not exactly see how that is—hesitates—and Slim proceeds to take down the old clock. It is all over now; the money is paid, and Slim is soon ready to leave; but, before going out, he remarks, 'It would be as well to leave the old clock here, as I shall be back in a day or two.' Slim then mounts his wagon, and drives off; and methinks I can see the rueful countenance of Baines, while gazing at the wagon until it disappears. His thoughts I leave to the imagination of my reader." So concludes the sketch of a New England clock pedlar.

THE DRUNKARD REFORMED.

"One day, as we were quietly trudging along, my thoughts insensibly turned on the evils of dissipation. At last I said, 'Simon, did you ever know an established drunkard cured of the habit?' 'Yes,' he slowly replied, after a pause, and with a peculiar deliberateness in his voice; 'yes, I have; but it has been very, very seldom. It is a sore task to conquer such a habit; and in all evil habits, especially in that of drinking, the first struggle is the worst: for there is not only the habit of the mind to be conquered, but the habit of the body. The whole frame of a man becomes weakened. He cannot eat, or hold his hand steady, till he has thrown into his diseased and vitiated stomach a dose of the same devil's elixir that has caused his ruin. This fallacious stimulus has for a time the desired effect; there is a short-lived artificial spring given to his poor, dozed, worn-out nerves. While this lasts, his hand becomes steady, and the unhappy wretch in his own mind commends the life-reviving powers of the enemy that is sapping and mining the very springs of existence. In a few hours, all his miserable feelings return, and with them all his miserable cravings, again to be relieved by the same deadly means, till at length some terrible or loathsome disease carries him off to his last and long account. It is the observation of all medical men, that the diseases and accidents of drunkards are far more painful and difficult to cure than any others. And can it be wondered at, that flesh and blood, completely impregnated with alcohol, should be more apt to become inflamed with fever, than that which is nourished by the natural food and drink of man."

It is a continual affliction to me in my journeyings to see how prevalent this detestable and degrading vice has become amongst us, both in country and town. Oh, it grieves my very soul to see a peasantry, in many respects considered superior to those of other countries, debasing themselves below the level of the beasts, and condemning themselves and their families to grovel for ever in the lowest rank, instead of rising to the highest, which every day's experience shows us may be done by those who preserve their virtue, exert their talents, and employ their means with wisdom and assiduity.

We foolishly call this odious polluting vice *beastly*. It no doubt lays man lower than the beasts; but it is slandering the beasts; it would be slandering a sow to compare her to a drunkard. "Oh, Simon, how true that is! Who ever heard of a beast making itself drunk?" though, indeed, I well remember once, when I was a little restless imp, on a New-Year's day morning, of filling an old wife's cat tippy. It took no little trouble, and I got two or three scars before I got it over poor pussie's throat, and sick and sore it made her; but, ever after, if she had but smelt drink about the house, she was out at the door like shot, and never would enter it till she opined the coast was clear of what had once spoiled her stomach—an example worthy the imitation of many who think themselves her betters."

Simon, after laughing heartily, said, "That brings to my mind a circumstance which occurred a few years ago in one of the towns I often visit, and of which I was partly a witness: There was a blacksmith, a very clever fellow, who had an excellent business, and could make by it just what he pleased; but, like many others, he could not keep himself well when he was well, but straightway he fell to drinking. Until then, he had been a kind father and an affectionate husband, and liked to see his wife and children well fed and well clothed; but how can a man, who has with his own hands destroyed his reason, and sent a fire raging through his veins, answer for what he will do, or will not do? While he was drinking or drunk, the work was at a stand; the smithy door locked or open, as chance directed; his tools and materials, articles left for repair, everything it contained, at the mercy of whoever chose to go in to steal or destroy. He burned one horse's foot, run a nail through another, pared a third to the quick, and, in short, lamed and tortured many a worthy animal far more respectable than himself. Such things soon met their reward. His customers, some in wrath, some with regret, all left him, and got their work done elsewhere. Of course, poverty followed, and that did not either improve his temper, or make him the less outrageous for drink. When he went home, hungry and crying children met him there, and also a sad and often an angry wife, who had no food to give either to him or them. Knowing and feeling in every fibre of his heart and conscience that he had been acting like a monster, of necessity he was furious at her, and often concluded his visit to his own house by beating with his great forehammer fists the good and respectable woman so beloved in the days of his well-doing."

It happened that he had a tame goat, which was very fond of him, and, drunk or sober, it trotted at his heels wherever he went. If he sat in a public house, so did it. If he lay all night on the street, or on a stair-head, as the poor lost wretch often did, there too was faithful Nanny creeping close to him, and many thought that it was the heat of the poor dumb animal that kept the life in John when incapable of either knowing or feeling that he was about to perish. Well, it so happened one morning that John could get nobody to take a gill with him; he asked one and another, but they all refused; and it must be confessed, that, by that time, his appearance was not a particular recommendation to the practice he pursued. He cursed them with all his might; and, in a pet, said to his goat, "Come, Nanny, come awa, since nane else will drink wi' me; ne'er a bit do I care; my wee faithful Nanny, thou shalt do't." And going into the public house, he got his gill, and offered some to the goat, which, to be sure, the goat would not take. "What the devil, Nanny?" said he; "ay, and thou'gaun to do like the rest o' them, and a sorrow to thee! Na, na, mistress, come here wi' you; gies nane o' your airs; and, seizing the poor beast, he poured the whisky over its throat. This cruel trick was followed by snorting, stamping, butting, and every other expression of its anger; but in a short time it began to reel, and stagger, and fall,

and John roared with rapture at the glorious exploit of making the goat drunk, and looked to it as a boundless source of future diversion. Next morning, according to custom, he repaired to the same whisky house, and the goat at his heels, but it stood at the outside of the door, and farther it would not budge; no, not for all that John could do. "What's this for, Nanny—what the sorrow ails you, that thou'll no come in?" said he. "Dye na see, its because ye filled her fou yesterday," quoth the landlady. John was smitten to the heart, and let go the goat. After standing a moment, he silently turned from the door, with his conscience roused from its torpor, and armed against him with a thousand daggers. "Am I reprov'd?" said he to himself; "am I reprov'd in my evil ways by a pair dumb beast—a creature to which has been denied that reason which I have so brutally abused! Reason granted me for a light to guide myself in fulfilling my ain duty—my duty to my poor, ill-requited, faithful wife, and my unhappy bairns, to whom I have set sic an awful example!"

He went home to his bed, silent and conscience-stricken: there he lay for two days without food or drink, in agonies of deep and fervent repentance. Next morning he rose and went to his work. He trembled at the sight of a whisky-house, and watched and prayed that he might be preserved from the temptation. He was found steadily at his work; no longer a reeling, red-nosed, ragged blackguard, blustering and swearing, worse than any heathen, but "clothed, and in his right mind." In a short time his business returned, his health became good, his spirits good, he had peace in his heart and peace in his home, and penury, and poverty, and weeping, and gloom, had disappeared. His children were no longer afraid of him, and he felt the same affection for them and their mother as ever he did.

It was himself told me, and, to tell you the truth, it made me almost cry with joy to see the change in his house. His children, instead of lean, yellow, ragged, and miserable little wretches, were fat, and rosy, and merry. And his poor wife, I may truly say, "she sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart" the first time I called after his restoration. And I must not forget to tell you a fact worth knowing, which John mentioned to me. At first, when he forsook his bad habits, he used to feel the most intolerable gnawings and cravings for drink when he went out in the mornings. But the moment his wife was aware of this, her love and good sense devised a remedy, and she had always ready for him, before he left the house, a bowl of excellent warm gruel, which had the most comforting effect upon his stomach, and prevented those wretched feelings. "And when," said he, "I found the devil at work, putting thoughts of whisky in my head, I struggled to banish them by every means. I tried everything: whistles I roared and sang, keepin' time wi' the heavy bangs and clinks o' my hammer; so that if any body saw me, they couldna but think that I was working for bare life, or, at the least, for a wager. That struggle's owre lang syne, and now I have not the least desire for drink."

THE SUBJECT OF BEES

CONCLUDED.

Too great attention, as we have said, cannot be paid by cottagers to the swarming of their bees, for on this depends the prosperity of the newly-formed colony. It will be observed that it is the old queen that always heads the young swarm. If she can be secured and placed in the hive, all the rest will quickly follow. If two clusters of bees form in swarming, and remain quite separate and distinct from each other, it is then evident that two queens have left the hive; and as number is of vital importance to a swarm, it is necessary that one of the queens should be sought for, and sacrificed to the general interests, on which the clusters will unite. Bees are less disposed to sting when they are swarming than at other times. It sometimes happens, however, that a swarm may settle on the person of any individual who may be near, in which case presence of mind is absolutely necessary for the preservation of life. The following anecdote, related by Thorley, is strikingly illustrative of what has now been advanced:—

"One of my swarms settled among the close twisted branches of a codling tree; and not to be got into a hive without help, my maid-servant, being in the garden, offered her assistance to hold the hive while I dislodged the bees. Having never been acquainted with bees, she put a linen cloth over her head and shoulders to guard and secure her from their swords. A few of the bees fell into the hive, some upon the ground, but the main body upon the cloth which covered her upper garments. I took the hive out of her hands, when she cried out, 'the bees were got under the covering,' and crowding up towards her breast and face, which put her in a trembling posture. When I perceived the veil was of no farther service, she gave me leave to remove it. This done, a most affecting spectacle presented itself, filling me with the deepest distress and concern, as I thought myself the unhappy instrument of drawing her into so imminent hazard of her life. Had she enraged

them, all resistance had been vain, and nothing less than her life would have atoned for the offence. I spared not to use all the arguments I could think of, begging her, with all the earnestness in my power, to stand her ground, and keep her present posture. I began to search among them for the queen—now got in a great body upon her breast, about her neck, and up to her chin. I immediately seized her, taking her from among the crowd, along with some of the commoners, and put them together into the hive. Here I watched her for some time; and as I did not observe that she came out, I conceived that the whole body would quickly abandon their settlement; but instead of that, I soon observed them gathering closer together, without the least signal for departing. Upon this I immediately reflected, that either there must be another sovereign, or that the same was returned. I directly commenced a second search, and in a short time, with a most agreeable surprise, found a second or the same. She strove, by entering farther into the crowd, to escape me, but I reconducted her with a great number of the populace into the hive. And now the melancholy scene began to change to one infinitely more pleasing and agreeable. The bees missing their queen, began to dislodge and repair to the hive, crowding into it in multitudes, and in the greatest hurry imaginable; and in the space of two or three minutes the maid had not one single bee about her, neither had she so much as one sting, a small number of which would quickly have stopped her breath."

Bees are subject to many diseases, to which the cultivator should particularly attend. The most fatal is the dysentery, which attacks them at certain seasons, and is extremely injurious. The commencement of the disease is seen by large spots like linseed, of a colour approaching to black, and of a very offensive smell, in the interior and entrance to the hives, and also by the foulness of the comb, the tainted portion of which must be pared off. Among many cures suggested for this disease, the most esteemed is rosemary and honey, diluted with water, with which the bees must be supplied.

There are two seasons in which the feeding of bees is necessary, and these are the winter and spring. At the commencement of the former season particular attention should be paid to those hives which are supposed to be deficient in food; and to such as are found light, an immediate supply of food should be given. This must be done only when the weather is fine and warm, to prevent the temperature of the hive from being injured; and a large quantity should never be given at once, for the bees are so greedy of food that they will rather fill the broad cells with it than relinquish their treasure. The quantity of food which ought to be given to a hive may be calculated in the proportion of two pounds a-month; but if the weather be very cold, a less quantity will suffice. When a hive is fed in the spring, it should always be after sunset, when the bees have returned from the fields; otherwise the most disastrous consequences may ensue from the robberies committed by the bees of other hives. If they are fed in the morning, it must be before sunrise, and the entrance instantly stopped to keep out depredators; for as the bees leave the hive on the very first appearance of day-light, a later period would prevent the return of all those who had left the hive previous to the entrance being secured.

Relative to the substances which are proper for the feeding of bees, many are quoted as being the best; but the following may be considered the most beneficial, as well as being the most economical:—To two quarts of good ale put one pound of moist sugar; boil them until the sugar is wholly dissolved, carefully skimming it; when it is cold, it will be found of the consistency of honey, and it may be given to the bees in the following manner: If the bees are in the plain cottage hive, an eek of the same diameter as the hive must be provided, and from three to four hands in height. When the sun is set, and the bees have retired, let the hive be gently raised, and the eek placed on the stool; then, having filled a soup-plate with the food, place it on the eek, and put down the hive. To prevent the bees being drowned in the liquid, it is necessary to place some straws over the plate, and over the straws a piece of paper, either thickly perforated or cut into nicks; these nicks, however, must not run parallel with the straws, but either across or diagonally; the entrance must then be closed, and the plate removed on the following morning, and the whole of the liquid will be transferred into the combs.

We have endeavoured in this slight sketch to comprise within our limits the most essential points necessary for the cultivator's observation. But before concluding, a few words on the practical separation of the honey and wax, and the method of purifying the latter for the market, may not be unnecessary. The honey which is most fluid, and runs most easily from the combs, is considered the finest and best; to promote the separation of the rest, the combs should be cut in small pieces, and exposed before a fire, to render the honey more liquid; this product will be of a second degree of fineness; and a third degree is procured by putting the remainder of the comb in a ves-

* From a work, entitled "Real Life, or Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler." Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh, 1832.

sel placed on a fire: this, strained through a canvass bag, will be found well adapted for feeding bees. The most simple method of purifying the wax is by tying up the comb in a linen or woollen bag, and putting it into a caldron of water: as the heat increases, the wax liquifies, and, escaping through the interstices of the bag, rises to the surface, while the refuse is retained behind.

PICKINGS FROM PORINGS.

Father John Coppin was one of the few early European travellers who ventured to cross the Thebaïd—the vast solitudes of that tract of country being in his time (his *Travels* were published in 1686) under the dominion of ruthless tribes of predatory Arabs. In his progress he visited the Coptic convent of St Antony, originally peopled by 300 devotees, each of whom had a cell of his own; but the number of apartments had been reduced to forty, and for these there were only twenty-two occupants. The convent was strongly walled, and, as was usual in such situations of danger, had no door. Entrance could not be obtained, except by means of a strong rope and pulley, worked by the inmates at an opening near the top of the northern wall. With this contrivance, they let down provisions to those who demanded them, and took up such persons as they thought it safe to admit as guests. One of the most singular austerities practised by these solitaries was as follows: They ate from wooden plates, which were never removed from the table, nor ever washed; a certain allowance of food was dealt out to each individual, who neither exchanged places or plates with his fellows; if any one left a part, it remained standing over till the next meal, when, instead of the dish being replenished with a full share, these fragments were taken into account, and as much more was added as, with them, made up the usual quantity. Viands of different kinds, but always of the coarsest and simplest description, were thus frequently mingled in the same plate; and the poor monk, whose nice or weakly stomach rejected an unpalatable morsel, saw it, time after time, present itself, like an importunate creditor, demanding payment of the sum due him. This was no school of epicures!

Pliny relates the following characteristic anecdote of two famous painters of antiquity—Apelles having proceeded to Rhodes to visit Protogenes, who lived there, went immediately to his house; but not finding him at home, in order to let him understand who had called, he took a brush and drew an exceedingly fine line on a piece of canvass. An old woman, the housekeeper of Protogenes, did not fail to inform him on his return that there had come a man asking for him, who, instead of telling his name, made a stroke on canvass. Protogenes, casting his eyes upon this line, knew at once that it could be the production of no other but Apelles. But tracing another with still greater nicety, and of a different colour, above the first, he went abroad again, ordering his housekeeper to show it to the stranger, if he should return. Apelles came back immediately after, and drew a third line, above the two former, in such a style that it was impossible to make one more delicate. Protogenes, on his return, acknowledged that he was beaten, and that it was not in his power to draw a finer line than this last. He hastened to the harbour to find out his guest, and received him joyfully. The piece of canvass was carefully preserved, and became the admiration of posterity, particularly of the masters of the art. It was still to be seen at Rome in the time of Augustus, and people went to behold with astonishment a large piece of canvass where there was nothing but three lines, so delicately touched as to be scarcely perceptible; but it was burnt in a fire which broke out in the palace.

Whilst Admiral de Ruyter, in his expedition of 1664, was at anchor near the Castle of St George, on the coast of Guinea, three of his sailors who were ashore went into a house where ardent spirits were sold, and, getting drunk, extinguished the lights, and began to fight with their knives. The landlord, who came in to separate them, received a wound of which he died; and there was no possibility of discovering the murderer, as all three denied it alike positively. General Valkenburg, the governor of the forts and magazines in Africa which belonged to the Dutch West India Company, warned the whole three to prepare for death, adding, that lots should be cast to determine which of them should be executed. He upon whom the lot fell was hanged. When it was thought he was dead, the rope was cut, and preparations were making for his burial, when signs of life were perceived. Means were used for his recovery, which proved successful; and a message was sent to Valkenburg to inquire what was to be done with him. The general answered that he must die, according to the tenor of his sentence; but De Ruyter was of a different opinion, alleging it was by no means certain that this unfortunate man was the perpetrator of the crime, as the lot might fall upon the innocent as readily as upon the guilty; that since it had pleased God to preserve his life as it were by a miracle, it would be wrong to deprive him of it; besides, that the punishment he had already suffered was sufficient to expiate the crime, and to serve as an example. Valkenburg yielded to these reasons, and the sailor was spared. He was afterwards interrogated concerning the state of his feelings during the infliction of punishment,

and declared he remembered almost nothing that had happened that day, having, after sentence was pronounced, lost all powers of recollection; except that, when he was thrown off the ladder, it seemed to him that he was falling into a deep well.

While the Emperor Aurelian was besieging the town of Thyana, he swore that "he would not leave a dog alive in the city;" which caused the inhabitants to believe that they should all be put to the sword. When the place was reduced, however, he took a less sanguinary method of fulfilling his oath, issuing orders to kill all the dogs that could be found. The young reader must not fail to observe, that, if Aurelian intended from the beginning to perform his vow literally, it was unworthy of a great personage to use so paltry a quibble; and that, if, in making the vow, he employed the expression in its ordinary acceptation, as the people of Thyana understood it, it was still more unworthy of him to form and avow so bloody a purpose: in this latter case, the only praise due to him is, that he did not carry into execution his bad designs.

The severest example recorded in history of the punishment of a corrupt administrator of law, is that which Cambyses, king of Persia, caused to be inflicted on the person of Sisamnes, one of the royal judges. Having learnt that this magistrate allowed himself to be swayed by bribes, he ordered him to be flayed, and caused the tribunal where he used to sit to be covered with his skin. He then appointed Ostanes, the son of Sisamnes, as his successor, and made him take his place at the tribunal covered with his father's skin. It may be remarked, that however dreadful this example, it could have no permanent effect in the country where it was exhibited. During the reign of Cambyses, it might secure more impartial decisions; but avaricious judges would perceive that nothing beyond a temporary reformation was necessary on their parts: for such is the instability of the interests of the people under a despotic government, that the next prince might be as ready to go halves with his officers in their unjust exactions, as Cambyses was to visit the guilty with condign punishment.

While Erasmus was in the monastery of Tergon, there was in the garden a pear-tree bearing fruit, of which the father superior was very fond, and which he wished to preserve for his own use. Erasmus, who was, in this respect, of the same taste with his superior, rose several days running, very early in the morning, to pluck some of it, without any one knowing. This obliged the superior, who perceived that the number of the pears was diminishing, to watch one morning at the window of his cell, in order to discover the robber, whom he had not been able otherwise to detect. It must be remarked, that one of the monks in the convent was lame. Well, one day while the superior was upon guard, he discerned upon the tree a monk busy gathering pears; but as it was not yet much light, he resolved to wait a little, without saying any thing, in order to discover with certainty who it was. He made some noise, however, which Erasmus heard; and for fear of being found out, he descended without delay, and returned limping towards the convent. The superior, who believed he was now sure of the pear-stealer, thought it best to be silent in the meantime, and to wait till daylight, that he might censure him in full assembly. As soon as he could call the monks together, the superior, after making a great many choice remarks upon saintly obedience, turned towards the lame brother, and accused him of having violated it in a manner the most flagrant in the world, by stealing the pears from the garden, notwithstanding his repeated prohibitions. It was in vain for the poor brother to maintain his innocence; this only augmented the wrath of the superior, who imagined he had recognised the culprit by a mark that could not be mistaken. He was accordingly condemned to a heavy penance, in spite of all his protestations.

Elmacin, an Arabian author, relates two little anecdotes, which show the passionate attachment of his countrymen to all sorts of sports and games:—"The Caliph Alamin," says he, "had a minister named Cuter, with whom he was accustomed to engage in play, and to amuse himself. One day while they were employed in fishing together, a messenger arrived, to inform Alamin that his army had been routed, and his general slain. 'Why do you come to annoy me about that?' replied the caliph; 'leave me in peace. Cuter has already taken two fishes, and I have not caught one.' Shortly afterwards, as they were playing at chess, news came that Taher had laid siege to Babylon, and that that city was in great danger. One of the domestics of Alamin took the liberty of apprising him that it was no longer time to play. 'Let me alone,' said he, 'for I am on the point of checkmating Cuter.'"

The Emperor Charles IV. being present at Mayence, where the diet was held, a canon, named Cuno of Falkenstein, coadjutor of the archbishop of that city, likewise attended the same assembly, having a bonnet glittering all over with gold and precious stones. The emperor, having observed him, took hold of his bonnet, put it upon his own head, and placed his own upon the head of Cuno. Then, turning to the princes in his suite, he said, "What think you, my lords?—with the bonnet of Cuno, am I not more like a knight than a priest?"

STANZAS

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD.

[From "Poems written in the leisure hours of a Journeyman Mason." Inverness, 1822.—Strange as it may appear, this title-page is no fiction. The author of the following nervous and pathetic verses is a Mr Miller, who resides in the remote town of Cromarty, in the north of Scotland, and actually to this day exercises the craft of a working mason. He wrote, some years ago, several letters on the Herring Fishery of the Moray Firth, which attracted considerable attention, and from which an extract was made into *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.]

Grey dial-stone, I fain would know

What motive placed thee here,
Where darkly opes the frequent grave,
And rests the frequent bier.
Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade
Slow o'er the figured plain;
When mortal life has pass'd away,
Time counts his hours in vain.

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast
When shrieks the wintry wind,
So doubtful thoughts, grey dial-stone,
Come sweeping o'er my mind:
I think of what could place thee here,
Of those beneath thee laid,
And ponder if thou wert not raised
In mockery o'er the dead.

Nay! man, when on life's stage they fret,
May mock his fellow-men;
Forsooth, their soberest pranks afford
Rare food for mock'ry then:
But ah! when past their brief sojourn,
When Heaven's dread doom is said,
Beats there a human heart could pour
Light mockeries o'er the dead?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm
Directs his felon power,
May ope the book of grace to him
Whose day of grace is o'er;
But sure the man has never lived
In any age or clime,
Could raise, in mock'ry o'er the dead,
The stone that measures time.

Grey dial-stone, I fain would know
What motive placed thee here,
Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,
And drops the frequent tear.
Like the carved, plain, grey dial-stone,
Grief's weary mourners be;
Dark sorrow moets out time to them,
Dark shade marks time on thee.

Yes! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,
To catch the eye of him
To whom earth's brightest gaude appear
Worthless, and dull, and dim.
We think of time, when time has fled:
The friend our tears deplore,
The God our light, proud hearts deny,
Our grief-worn hearts adore.

Grey stone, o'er thee the lazy night
Passes, untold, away;
Nor is it thine at noon to teach
When fails the solar ray.
In death's dark night, grey dial-stone,
Cease all the works of men;
In life, if Heaven withhold its aid,
Bootless their works and vain.

We are informed by Grant Thorburn of New York, that the young lady whose letters on emigration lately appeared in the *Journal* has fallen into a slight error regarding the comparative value of money in Britain and America. She mentions that a dollar will go as far in the state of New York as a pound at Dalkeith; whereas she ought to have said, in order to be correct, that, in general, five shillings will go as far in America as ten shillings in Britain, excepting in the matters of house-rent and clothing, which are much dearer in America than in England. The article wearing apparel is indeed exceedingly expensive in America, and we recommend intending emigrants to hold this in view in their arrangements.

In the preliminary address to our readers, in the 105th number of the *Journal*, we omitted to state that the publishers of our London edition make up and circulate 5000 copies in monthly parts—a form which seems much more appreciated in England than Scotland, where, we believe, the anxiety to receive and peruse the work the moment it appears is the principal cause of our selling nearly all our impression in numbers. We may take this opportunity of again announcing, that the circulation of the *Journal* continues to undergo a regular weekly increase, and that almost every day brings us the gratifying intelligence of its extension to the most remote quarters of the globe.

The second volume of the *Journal* being now finished, a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had, price three halfpence, from the publishers or their agents; and any of the numbers of the work from the commencement can also be supplied to complete sets. Both the first and second volumes of the *Journal*, handsomely done up in boards, are likewise on sale, and may be obtained by those who have not regularly kept the numbers as published.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BERRER, Holywell Street, Strand; BANCROFT & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLIAMS & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALES, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERBY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.
Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.